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Horace's
INSTRUCTIONS *Pin*

TO *K*
Horatius Flaccus
The Roman Senate:

AND
CHARACTER
OF

Caius Asinius Pollio.

IN TWO ODES.



L O N D O N:
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INSTRUCTIONS
TO THE
THE ROMAN SOCIETY:
AND
CHARTER



IN TWO VOLUMES
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HOWEVER various the Sentiments of Critics have been, with respect to HORACE's Scope in the following Ode, directed to his FRIENDS, or, as we may reasonably enough suppose, the Managers of the Republick; yet without being sway'd by any of their Opinions, I think it may be briefly compris'd under the three following Heads: In the first place, he recommends to them military Discipline, or the training up of the Youth to Hardships and Dangers; and shews the Beauty of even dying in behalf of our Country. In the second place, he recommends military Virtue, or Heroism and

Courage in an upright Cause; and sharply inveighs against Levity of Conduct, purely from a Principle of Hope or Fear from a giddy Mob. And then, in the third place, he enjoins to a faithful Observance, and strict Regard to Matters of Religion; tho' to render this Part of it the more of a piece with the rest, I have confin'd it chiefly to Affairs of State, from which, to be sure, that of Religion should never be separated.

IT may not perhaps be here improper to remark, that I have indulg'd my self a little Latitude, in the Imitation both of this and the other following Ode; tho' I am hopeful it shall be thought no more than was necessary, considering the Difference of
Addresses

Address in the one, of a few Persons and Characters in the other, and then of the Times, and some particular Circumstances in both. To which I may add, that I don't so much pretend to translate as imitate.----

However, as I have in both of them trac'd the Order of the Author's Thoughts, and thereby lost little or none of the Original; so I have endeavour'd to give much the like Turn to any new ones of my own, and to come up to his Spirit as near as I could; but how far I have herein been lucky, every body else but my self must judge.





QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
CARMINUM
LIB. III. ODE II.

Ad AMICOS.

ANGUSTAM, Amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat; & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hasta.

5 0059

Vitamque



H O R A C E,

BOOK III. ODE II.

Imitated, and Addressed to

The House of Commons.

M^Y *Honour'd Friends*, in Senate now as-
sembl'd,

To guard and guide our Liberties and Rights,

Our Safety, Honour, Traffick, every thing,

Dear to a King, or sacred to a Subject:

Now, now's the Time, th' important critic Time

To rivet fast these late Resolves for War, 6

Or *re-convention* some new plund'ring Peace.

And

Vitamque sub dio, & trepidis agat

5

In rebus. Illum ex mœnibus hosticis

Matrona bellantis tyranni

Prospiciens, & adulta virgo,

Suspiret: Eheu, ne rudis agminum

Sponsus laceffat regius asperum

10

Tactu leonem: quem cruenta

Per medias rapit ira cædes.

Dulce

And now's the Time to bid the gallant Youth,
 The lusty, brawny Youth, so long diffus'd
 To warlike Toils, loll on in sluggish Ease, 10
 Or bid them rouse their Courage, and revive
 The *Briton* in them; and from henceforth learn
 The harder, but the nobler Arts of War.
 To wield the Spear, or manage the stern Steed
 To live on hardy Fare, or undergo 15
 The various Changes of th' inclement Air.
 To lie entrench'd, or stand on per'lous Watch
 To sudden Deaths and Dangers still expos'd.
 Till thus by such Heroic Hardships train'd
 To scorn the Tenure of inglorious Life, 20
 Their Names become a Terrour to their Foes,
The ancient Pride, and Boast of ancient Britons.

THUS would our pristine Glory be retriev'd,
 When from our Camps we'd hear the haughty
 Dame,

Or lordly Daughter of some Rebel King, 25
 Looking and wailing from their hostile Walls,

* Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.

Mors & fugacem prosequitur Virum :

Nec

Cry with desponding Voice, Let not my Spouse
 Or Royal Sire in leading Ranks unskill'd,
 Oh! let him not, by Backwardness to yield,
 Provoke to fiercer Rage these fearless Foes, 30
 Whom our repeated Injuries and Rapines
 Have rendred furious, so that Lion-like
 They thirst for Blood, and rush thro' thickest Files,
 Dealing around Wounds, Death and fell Destruction.

(Such be the Chance, since such th' Offence to Bri-
tain, 35

And so requited be its En'mies Insults.)

*BUT should some share a more unfort'nate Fate,
 And die as Victims in their Country's Cause,
 Who, tho' they weep their Loss, would shun their
Exit?

To die in Fight, and sleep in Beds of Honour, 40
 Must unto real Patriots be pleasant,
 And make their Names to latest Lineage fav'ry.

Nec parcit imbellis Juventæ

15

Poplitibus, timidoque tergo,

* Virtus,

For what is Life of Glory when divested,
 But just a dull, insipid, Insect-Breathing?
 The Coward, or the Sluggard only die, 45
 O'er them alone the Grave obtains a Vict'ry.
 'Tis none but they ignoble Death pursues,
 Nor does their Flight anticipate their Fate,
 Their dastard Backs, or Legs thro' Fear enfeebl'd,
 Receive with fuller Force th' impending Blow. 50
 Thus as they liv'd fameless and undistinguish'd,
 So yet their Names had never once been known
 But for their shameful Fall, their Death alone
 Unto their Life infamous giving Birth;
 But ah! how silly and short-liv'd that Being? 55
 Their grov'ling Souls, like to a Meteor nitrous
 Appearing fulgent only in its Fall,
 Shrink sudden back into obscure Oblivion;
 Their Bodies of a Fun'ral Rite unworthy
 Lie strew'd along, a Feast for greedy Ravens; 60
 And so we leave them, anxious to exchange
 This Subject mean, for that of *Martial Virtue*.

* Virtus, repulsæ nescia fordidæ

Intaminatis fulget honoribus,

Nec sumit aut ponit secures

Arbitrio popularis auræ.

20

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori

Cœlum, negata tentat iter via;

Cœtusque vulgares & udam

Spernit humum fugiente penna.

† Est & fideli tuta silentio

25

Merces; —————

* vetabo,

* VIRTUE (or Courage in our Country's Cause
 When to right Ends, and by right Means directed)
 Untaught to Shifts of Fear, or sordid Sloth, 65
 Goes vig'rous on with all its fair Designs,
 And then comes off unspottedly triumphant.
 It does not rashly arrogate vain Power,
 Nor tamely abdicate its rightful Sway,
 By vulgar Voice alone egg'd on, or aw'd. 70
 'Tis Virtue only knows the way to Heaven,
 And treads in Paths deny'd to Vice and Folly.
 It seems to truckle to the low Conceits,
 Or bribe the Favour of the fickle Mob.
 But more sublime its Aim, with poised Wing 75
 It spurns the paltry Pelf of this low Earth,
 And soars aloof to Life and Fame immortal.

† NOR can I, as a Debt to Merit due,
 Pass unrecorded *Secrecy* and *Truth*,
 Which here, as civil Virtues, may include 80
 'Twixt *Prince* and *People* mutual Faith and Trust,
 And

* ———vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum

Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem

Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum

Solvat phaselum. ———

* Sæpe

And Harmony and Concord 'mongst the Subjects.
 For, without Love Paternal in the Prince,
 And Filial Fear and Duty in the People;
 And all in one Design, or common Cause, 85
 Embarking joint are hearty to promote,
 The most important Secrets are disclos'd,
 The best-laid Schemes are foully disappointed,
 Publick and private Faith alike are broken,
 And thus become the Prey of foreign Pow'rs. 90
 May therefore Friendship, and a strict Regard
 To Truth and Honour, and the Common-weal,
 Direct your Conduct, and pronounce you Patriots.

* AND whofo does not with fuch honeft Aims,
 And healing Sentiments in Senate meet, 95
 But fway'd by fordid, avaritious Views,
 Or Brib'ry bafe (of States the certain Bane)
 Doth prostitute his Character and Country;
 May fuch a monftrous Member be lopt off
 The Body Politic, and ever barr'd 100
 That Houfe auguft; nor ever after dare
 To board the Ship, or fteer the Helm of State,

————— * Sæpe Diespiter

Neglectus incesto addidit integrum.

† Raro antecedentem scelestum

Deferuit pede pœna claudo.



But let him as a Beacon be set up
To fright all else from wilful Country-Shipwreck.

BUT Things succeed not always to a Wish, 105
Else Man elate would kick against his Maker.

* For Heaven, tho' mostly gracious and benign,
Bestowing Blessings with a bounteous Hand,
On Just and Unjust, yet sometimes provok'd
By frequent Crimes or Contempt, sometimes dooms
Both Good and Bad to one promiscuous Fate, 111
And makes them share Calamities in common.

But may each BRITON in his proper Sphere,
In lower Life, or more exalted Station,
From private Faults or publick Follies free,
Ambition, Av'rice, Envy, all the Train 115
Of Courtly Traps, more apt to snare the Great,
May all, I say, against such Vices guard,
And so prevent their dire, but due Reward.

† FOR know, thou factious, corrupt, wicked Man,
That Heav'n at length will all thy Conduct scan. 120
And tho' just *Vengeance* may appear to thee
Lazy or lame, thou shalt not from it flee,
Nor run before it through Eternity.



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H O R A C E's
C H A R A C T E R
O F
Caius Asinius Pollio.



Advertisement.

HOWEVER justly a certain Person of very considerable Distinction has been of late represented in our Magazines by the Name of L. ÆMILIUS PAULUS, yet I must, with all Submission, beg leave at present, to consider him under that of C. ASINIUS POLLIO, to whom the following Ode is directed by HORACE, and from which alone I shall gather his Character. If we may trust so great and impartial a Judge of Men and Manners as HORACE, we cannot but believe this POLLIO to have been an able Statesman, and brave Soldier; equally qualified for the Bench and Battle; and his martial Spirit had been happily allay'd with a merciful Temper. He would seem likewise to have been at the same time a sage Counsellor, and ready Orator; a Patron of Innocence,

nocence, and Master of Eloquence. And then, as we may easily conclude from the great Confidence, it appears the Roman Nation had then plac'd in him, he had been a Person of singular Integrity and Uncorruptness; an Ornament that had shone the more conspicuously in him, as it was so rarely to be seen in Rome at that time.

NOW how far any, or all of these Qualities are applicable to this other GREAT PERSON, the Judgment of the Nation, and not my own private Opinion, doth determine; for 'tis THAT I allendarly go upon, as neither having, nor scarce ever expecting to have, the Honour of being, in any shape, acquainted with Him my self.





QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
CARMINUM
LIB. II. ODE I.

Ad CAIUM ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

INSIGNE mœstis præsidium reis,
Et consulenti, POLLIO, curiæ;
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

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Motum



H O R A C E,

BOOK II. ODE I.

Imitated for

HIS GRACE the Duke of *A---le*.

ILLUSTRIOUS *C---*, ancient SCOTIA's Boast,
 Patron, and every thing can speak thee Great :
 In Camp how warlike, and in Court how wise,
 The Laurels, gain'd in bloody *Gallic* Fight,
 Yet budding on thy martial Brow bear witness. 5
 And each discons'late, injur'd Innocent,
 When pannel'd at thy Bar can well attest,
 (EDINA too, thy tender Care, can join 'em.)

D

* MIDST

* Motum ex Metello Consule civicum,

5

Bellique causas, & vitia, & modos,

Ludumque Fortunæ, gravesque

Principum amicitias, & arma

Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus;

Periculosa plenum opus aleæ

10

Tractas, & incedis per ignes

Suppositos cineri dolofo.

Paulum severæ Musa tragoediæ

Defit theatris; mox ubi publicas

Res ordinâris, grande munus

15

Cecropio repetes cothurno.

* Jam

*MIDST Heats and Jarrs, and Feuds, and Wars
Domestic,

Serene you've liv'd, and with unbias'd Zeal 10
Pelted the Courtier's Pride, Mock-Patriot's Envy,
These Causes dire of Death and Desolation.

With how much Truth, and well-bred Eloquence
You show the doubtful Turns of fickle Fortune,
In Junctures thus perplex'd? What Sport she makes,
Or rather Prey, of Empires when embroil'd. 16

How Princes foreign, fir'd with lustful Views
Of Reigning or Revenge, ev'n at this time
Lie at the catch, and on cobweb Pretence
Ravage and plunder, fetter and confine, 20
As yet unpunish'd, brave BRITANNIA'S Subjects.

Such is the plain, but per'lous Part you act,
(For to be plain, is oft to be in Peril.)

But bear a while these politic, vain Wranglings,
Guileful as Fire, latent below cold Ashes. 25

The PUBLICK calls Thee forth for nobler FEATS,
Which, when atchiev'd, triumphant re-assume
Your Senatorial Character and Station.

* Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum

Perstringis aures, jam litui strepunt,

Jam fulgor armorum fugaces

Terret equos, equitumque vultus.

20

Audire magnos jam videor Duces

Non indecoro pulvere sordidos;

Et cuncta terrarum subacta,

Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

† Juno, & Deorum quisquis amicio

25

Afris, inulta cesserat impotens

Tellure; victorum nepotes

Rettulit inferias Jugurthæ.

Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior

Campus sepulchris impia prælia

30

Testatur? auditumque Medis

Hesperiaë sonitum ruinæ?

Qui

* HARK, now the awful Sound of Trumpets,
Drums,

These threatning Harbingers of Blood and War, 30
Alarm my Ear; and now the polish'd Spear,
And other glancing Armour, seem to frighten
The Foe's fleet Horses, and to damp their Riders.
And then, methinks, I hear the joyful Shouts
Of valiant Chiefs, all smear'd with Sweat and Dust,
Proclaiming Vict'ry o'er their haughty Foes, 36
And their proud Monarchs, *Catholic* or *Christian*.

† BUT should some false, designing *Dæmon*
friendly

To faithless *Gauls* or *Spaniards*, prompt them on
T' invade fair ALBION's Isle, may they return 40
Unable to effect it; or may at least
Their Ghosts alone waft back the fatal Tidings.
What Field shall not, in that Event, be fatten'd,
With foreign Blood? What Tomb shall not hand
down

To latest Times the merciless Encounters? 45
What

Qui gurgēs, aut quæ flumina lugubris

Ignara belli? quid mare Dauniæ

Non decoloravere cædes?

35

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?

* Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, jocis,

Cææ retractes munera naniæ:

Mecum Dionæo sub antro

Quære modos leviori plectro.

40

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What distant Nation shall not hear the Havock?
 What Lake, what River stagnated or gorg'd
 With crouded Corps shall not declare the Carnage?
 What Sea shall not *Iberian* Blood discolour?
 What Coast shall not be stain'd with BRITISH
 Gore?

50

* BUT stop, my Muse, enough of this sad Sub-
 ject,
 This Task alike un-wonted and unwelcome :
 Retire with me to some devoted Grove,
 And try some gayer Theme, the Theme of LOVE.



Wharfedale Nation shall not hear the Hymn?
 What Lake, what River, Hagston or Garg?
 With crowded Courts shall not declare the Cause?
 What Sea shall not, when blood discolors?
 What Coast shall not be stain'd with Britain
 Done!

* But stop, my Male, enough of this Ad Sub-
 This Talk, alike un-wanted and unwelcome;
 Retire with me to some devoted Grove,
 And try some Gayer Theme, the Theme of Love.
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